

The Conning Tower

A Hymn of Thanksgiving: To The Conning Tower
Loud let the song of our gratitude swell!
Thank you for betting on Brown and Cornell.
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA FOOTBALL TEAM.
COLGATE UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL TEAM.

The betting season that began with Church's defeat of McLaughlin and Williams's defeat of Johnston and ended—we hope—with Cornell's conspicuous failure yesterday afternoon was uneventful and overwhelmingly disastrous to us, but not for naught have we seen "Pokeyanna." We are glad that Conning Tower, the w. k. four-year-old b. g. (Yankee—Okita), hasn't been entered in any recent races.

The correct betting system is this: Bet only with gentlemen who are in the habit of not settling. You win then, and your betting costs you nothing at any rate.

Most of those who got off the 5 o'clock train from Philadelphia yesterday at Manhattan Transfer emerged from a car whose door was opened by a passenger. There was no trainman to open the door, and when the trainman's attention was whispered to the fact that there was nobody to open the door, he said, "Go ahead and report it. We can't be everywhere at once." . . . But the Pennsylvania's service from Princeton, on November 18, was excellent; nothing can change that.

Repartee in a newspaper office—and now that the football season is over, we can, thank goodness, spend all our waking hours in one—is just as snappy and quick as anything. "I suppose," said one of the sporting editors to one of the paragraphers last night, "you lost your shirt on that Cornell game." "Well," said one of the dramatic reporters, as he looked at the paragrapher's inexpensive garment, "that's a good bet if he lost."

ANOTHER CHARLIE CASE SONG

There once was a poor young girl who was leaving her country home. She was going to New York to look for work. She had to support the whole family and keep the wolf from the door.

For her father had fallen down and hurt his knee.

Just as she was leaving, her loving sweetheart Jack Said to her: "Your love will soon grow cold."

So just as she was leaving, she made a solemn vow

That every night at eight o'clock she'd burst into tears.

One day in New York she was riding on a trolley And a gentleman offered her his seat, But she refused it with scorn for she saw he wore a ring, And thought that he might be a married man.

Then up spoke the conductor and said: "I'll never doubt you more." And he tore off his false whiskers, and it was Jack! Just then she received a telegram that her father's knee was better, And an aunt had died and left her \$58,000.

WILL exchange my one family, eight room, steam heat, electricity, gas, parquet floors, tiled bath, for an automobile. 3,511 av. H., Brooklyn—Evening Telegram.

Again, the call of the open road.

Commercial candor in Indiana, Pa.: "Come in and inspect our new line of men's and young men's suits priced at \$10, \$12.50 & \$15 before you buy elsewhere."

TO R. W. H. L.

Vain Words? Why, no, that's not the fact, You might have written of a Knight Who, putting on his cataphract,

Went forth all armored for the fight Against the wily Saracen.

You might have told your readers how The Knight was captured in the row,

And bound and dragged away, and then Sailed off with in a leaky dhow.

You might have writ, "The days were fair

And, 'spite of leaks, the dhow was yare,

And safely reached the foreign wharf Where, cramped up in a dusty corf,

The Knight was carried to the Sheik Who lacked a partner for bezique.

And when he found the Knight could play He greeted him in manner gay.

Said he, "Oh, Knight, I welcome you, You look as thirsty as a skink,

I'll fill a cup of ormolu

And give you quarts of stunk to drink,

I too am dry as sun baked sot.

You'll join me? Oh, but I insist!

My servants will remove your coat,

Which is—I see—of finest ston!"

The Knight replied, "Oh, worthy Sheik,

To interlard the words I speak

With flowery phrases—that's a stunt I cannot do, my ways are blunt.

But I will play bezique with you

For money, chalk or ormolu."

You might have written stuff like that,

Thus using each and every word In ways that sound quite neat and pat

Although the story be absurd;

What's that? I've left out Alkhest,

—I meant to have that gently dropped,

For let it frankly be confessed

That Alkhest has got me stopped!

BERTON BRALEY.

The silvery ribbons of the cataphract,

Bejeweled like the dying Cleopatra,

Ra, race down the mountainside, and off

And on they make the reckless bather corf

Who courts pneumonia in its jeweled drops

As on him like a shower bath it flops.

I don't bezique such pastimes as my share

Of pleasure. I'm contented, yare by yare,

After an evening during which I stum

Upon my grandmamma's harmonium

Old songs like "Schister dear" and "Ormolu-Lu,

Darling, I Will Love But Only You!"

Or, "Alkhest, the proud Assyrians' skink,"

To stoot myself up to the tub, and zinc

Into its waters and forget all strife

And all the ups and dowses of this here life—

If with your rhymes some skill you interlard,

You see, R. W. H. L., it isn't hard.

FOOLISH.

In yesterday's papers appeared an account of the death of a three-year-old child. The account also said that the child's father had been missing since November 14. This was the first publicity given to the father's disappearance. There is a reluctance, when anybody is missing, to give the information to the police and the newspapers; and that is a mistake. The harm done by possibly unnecessary publicity is nothing compared to the terrible and tragic things that may happen because the giving of information has been withheld, or delayed.

Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce says that more than a third of the 20,000 tons of paper produced daily in the United States is wasted.

F. P. A.

MUSICAL TREATS ON THANKSGIVING

New York Hears Opera and Symphony That Consecrate Holiday

"PARSIFAL" CHORUS GIVES REAL DELIGHT

Carnegie Hall Audience Finds Reason to Thank New England

By H. E. KREHBIEL

The days which are devoted to a performance of "Parsifal" every season at the Metropolitan Opera House come very near to exemplifying the cumbersome definition which Wagner gave his religious drama. On no other occasion does the meeting so nearly resemble a festival of consecration. A pity that the pious devotion is not permitted to extend over other days and include other dramas!

"Parsifal" was performed yesterday very much as it has been performed on days set apart for it in former years and with many of the same people—all of those, in fact, concerned with the principal parts. And, as on all the preceding occasions, it was worthy of record that the audience which filled the large theatre was peculiarly intent upon the musical evangel which was proclaimed peculiarly appreciating the delineations of native beauties peculiarly insufficient to the outward things which on ordinary occasions are associated with the opera.

New Singers in Chorus.

There was one item of importance in the performance—the advent of a new Museetta. Since the days of Fritz Scheff, the Metropolitan has possessed no truly satisfactory grisette, though Miss Alten sang the music effectively. But last night a real Museetta again bounded upon the stage—Museetta who was all that Museetta should be, or might be, speaking shouldn't. She had charm, vivacity and a touch of guttural.

The other singers were old friends.

Mme. Alida was the Mimi, and after an unfortunate beginning, due to nervousness, she quite redeemed herself. She never sang better nor has her voice ever been in better condition, and she was an exceedingly pretty and attractive little figure. Antonio Scotti made Marcella imminently, and did it at his best. The Rodolfo was Giovanni Martinelli, and the Raoul was Arturo D'Onise.

The other Bohemians were full of life and vigor. Mr. Papi infused the orchestra with his own enthusiasm. The cast was as follows:

Giovanni Martinelli, Riccardo Martinelli, Francesco Malibran, Mme. Frances Alida, Pietro Audiberti, Cesare Siviero, Giacomo Colino, Adelmo Mazzetti, Mme. Mirella Moscariello, Mme. Edith Mason, Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

Festival from New England

For the second we know not exactly how to clothe our feelings. The festi-

BORN

WILSON—Born to Mrs. Rosalind Dunkin Wilson, wife of the late Lloyd Wilson, a son, November 30.

NOTICES of marriages and deaths must be accompanied by full name and address.

DIED

Bloodgood, E. M., Merrill, F. J. H., Case, Mary O. G., Morrison, G. A., Chase, Charles W., Pitcher, David A., Higgins, A. Foster, Praeger, John F., Jennings, A. O., Roe, Amy A. C., Kelton, Alberto B., Stiles, M. A. A. N., Lapsley, K. A. W., Tuttle, William P.

BLOODGOOD—On November 30, Eliza M., daughter of the late Freeman Bloodgood, age 70 years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

CASE—At Boston, N. J., on November 29, 1916, at the residence of her son, Howard E. Case, Mary Oliver Giles, the widow of the late Joseph S. Case. Funeral private. Interment at the convenience of the family.

CHASE—On Wednesday, November 29, at his home, 205 Quincy st., Brooklyn, of pneumonia. Charles W. Chase, member of Lafayette Post, G. A. R., in the 85th year of his age. Services and interment at Canandaigua, N. Y.

HIGGINS—At his home, Greenwich, Conn., November 28, 1916, A. Foster Higgins, in his 86th year. Funeral service at Christ Church, Greenwich. December 1—Interment at Rosemont Cemetery, Greenwich.

JENNINGS—At Scotch Plains, N. J., November 30, 1916, Arthur O. Jennings. Friends are invited to attend funeral at his late residence, Willow st., Southport, Conn., Saturday, December 2, at 2 p. m. Interment private, Oaklawn Cemetery, Fairfield, Conn.

KELTON—Entered into rest on Tuesday, November 28, 1916, Alberta, beloved daughter of James Albert Kelton. Funeral service at her late residence, 689 Monroe st., Brooklyn, Friday, December 1, at 8 p. m. Boston, New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard papers please copy.

LAPPSLEY—At her residence, 104 East 66th st., on November 30, 1916, Katherine Alida Willard, widow of Howard Lapsley and daughter of the late John Willard, of Troy, N. Y. Notice of funeral hereafter. Philadelphia and Troy papers please copy.

MERRILL—Suddenly, on November 29, 1916, George Austin, son of the late George Austin and Lucy Anne King Morrison and beloved husband of Magdalene S. Worden, in his 52d year. Funeral service at St. Thomas's Church, Fifth av. and 53d st., on Saturday, December 2, at 10 a. m. Kindly omit flowers. Interment private.

PITCHER—On Wednesday, November 29, 1916, David A. Pitcher, son of the late David and Sophie Maria Praeger of The Hague, Holland, in the 74th year of his age. Funeral services at his late residence, 124 Willow st., Brooklyn, on Saturday afternoon, December 2, at 2:30 o'clock. It is requested that no flowers be sent.

ROE—On Wednesday, November 29, 1916, Amy Alms Chamberlain, wife of Albert S. Roe, in the 78th year of her age. Funeral services at her late residence, 174 West 72d st., New York City, on Friday, December 1, at 10:30 a.m.

SELZNICK, Pictures at the Direction of STANLEY V. MARSHALL, Herbert Brenon's Presentation of NAZIMOV in "WAR BRIDES." TWICE DAILY 2:15-8:15

RIALTO E. H. SOTHERN Supported by Eddie Storey in "An Enemy to Herself" in Surpassing Musical Feature.

PUTNAMS 2 W. 45th St., N.Y. Putnams 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.

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val of yesterday came from New England, and so did the orchestra that gave a concert in Carnegie Hall in the evening. Can we ought we to be profound, grateful that while we spend twice or thrice as much money every year on our symphony organizations as does Major Higgins, and while we have so many as capable musicians as Boston, we must yet wait for the coming of the Boston men, with Dr. Mack at their head to hear such a symphony played as Schumann's "Schneeschuh" was played last night with such buoyancy and rhythmic stride, such fresh onwards, such natural melodic flow, such clarity of communal tone, such euphony, such easy energy which is of the essence of repose, as marked the performance last night? Was it an occasion of thanksgiving?

Dr. Mack was merciful to those who had dined after the old New England fashion in making a programme of only two numbers, the "Valse" and the "Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Schneeschuh" and, no doubt, he meant well and pleased his audience, but there were some old New Yorkers who mayhap he made to sigh heavily because he played so well.

OPERA PRESENTS A NEW MUSETTA IN "LA BOHEME"

Miss Edith Mason, American, Delights Audience at the Metropolitan

It was an excellent performance of "La Boheme" that the Metropolitan Opera Company gave last night. "Bohemian" of late years has been a good deal of a step up, a sort of modern "Trovatore," warranted an audience, no matter now given. It is an opera that is practically singer proof, which does not mean that when given well it is not gain insight in interest. Every one who took part last night was quite the picture and filled with life. Thanksgiving Day evidently reached

its peak.

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